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IDYLS of GETTYSBURG

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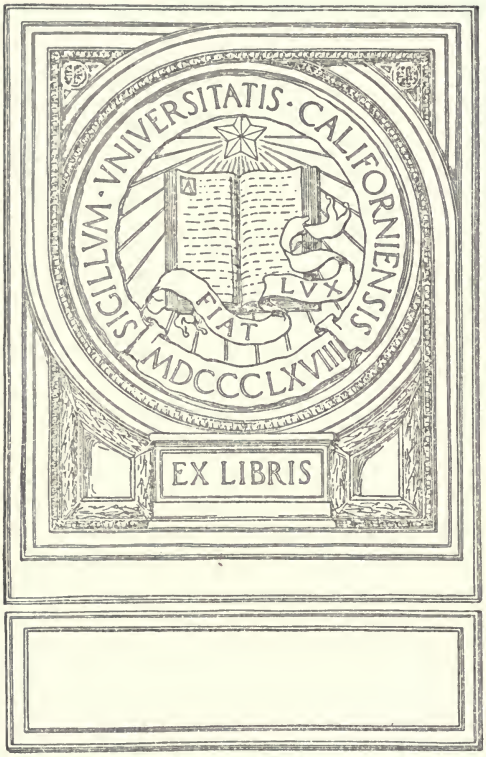
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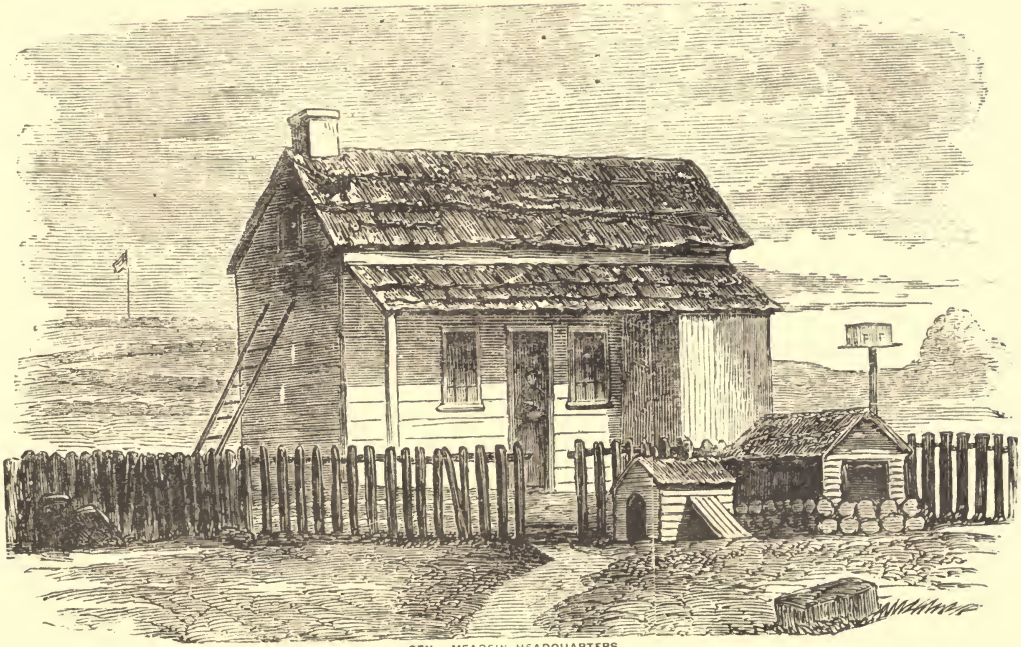

GEN. MEADE'S HEADQUARTERS.

IDYLS OF GETTYSBURG.

IDYLS

OF

GETTYSBURG.

BY

MISS E. LATIMER.

SAIL on, O Union, strong and great!
* * * * *
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee.

LONGFELLOW.

SECOND EDITION.

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IN THE INTEREST

OF A BEAUTIFUL CHARITY, WITH

DEVOUT PRAYER

FOR OUR NATION'S PEACE,

OF OUR PATRIOT DEAD

THESE IDYLS ARE SACREDLY

DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

"The Idyls of Gettysburg" makes another offering to that portion of our literature which stands identified in subject with the late most important struggle for the supremacy of law, and maintenance of national unity.

The design in the prose article, The Battle of Gettysburg, is not to present the descriptive, but to speak of its importance as to result. Aided by its parallelism with a renowned battle of antiquity, the argument becomes effective. The battle of Gettysburg, considered in its immediate results, stayed the tide of invasion, re-animated the patriot heart of the country, and proved the culminating point in the great struggle.

But its cost in treasure and blood, the homes it left desolate, the hearts it broke, the orphanage it entailed, must, for *this* generation, require that we wreathe the emblems of mourning with the triumphal bay. But after-time will reject this interlacing; the traces of grief will be lost in the wrapped glory and greatness vouchsafed to the battles of freedom, when *right* and *progress* have demanded, as here, earnestness even unto death.

Idyl First, "*The Unknown,*" is a fragment of personal history, expressing the devotion of that innumerable host of patriots, rallying so promptly at the country's call, emulous

of noble deed, and shrinking not from death itself, should defence demand the sacrifice.

IDYL SECOND portrays the love that is supreme in its truth and touching tenderness—the love that triumphs over the selfish, and sectional, defying *each* barrier thus raised by pride or hate.

> "The beautiful love, like to heaven,
> But to the *blessed* only given."

This volume, thus presented, is to aid that most beautiful Charity, THE NATIONAL ORPHAN HOMESTEAD at Gettysburg. To this end, the net proceeds through all its editions are made sacred, while this class of orphanage shall claim, as now, protection and support.

The embellishments, which give the effort a most pleasing feature, have been generously furnished by FRANK LESLIE, ESQ., Artist and Publisher. The MESSRS. HARPER, also equally benevolent in the Orphan's Cause, made kind response in its behalf. To each and all who have helped hitherto, by gift of time, material, or money, grateful thanks are tendered.

For the volume so made up, and for the object as set forth, a gracious reception is asked from a generous public sympathizing so deeply in the claim, and so kindly responsive to meet the needed care due our

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

Idyls of Gettysburg.

Battle of Gettysburg.

THE battle of Gettysburg, as an event, has become the property of sober history. The skill of its commanders, on either side, has been fully discussed, and opinions rendered. Surely its destruction of life is still felt in many thousand homes through all the land. Those of the Union soldiery, now reposing in quiet, beautiful sepulture in its grounds, are counted by thousands; then the hosts of the wounded, carried here and there, to linger for a time, and then die. Add the great number that found burial elsewhere, and the estimate swells to as many more thousands as stand recorded within the Cemetery bounds. Of

its carnage, it is enough to say here, that it was frightful, and without parallel on our battle-fields, at the time of occurrence.

"The Wilderness," later, might have been nearly as decimating, and also the combined assaults around Richmond and Petersburg. But the three days at Gettysburg slew its hecatombs of brave men. This battle, in every aspect, may be regarded as the culminating point in the great struggle between the mightiest forces of one people.

Numbers on each side much the same,—that is, as they stood on the morning of the second day's fight. The numbers on both sides bore some approximation to that greatest of all armies ever called into the field at one time—that host of men marshalled to serve the pride and despotism of the last and most renowned of Persian conquerors. If we should search in the past to find parallelism for Gettysburg, in morale of result, as also in corresponding feature of circumstance attending, Marathon is that battle—so readily suggested to the student of history—that

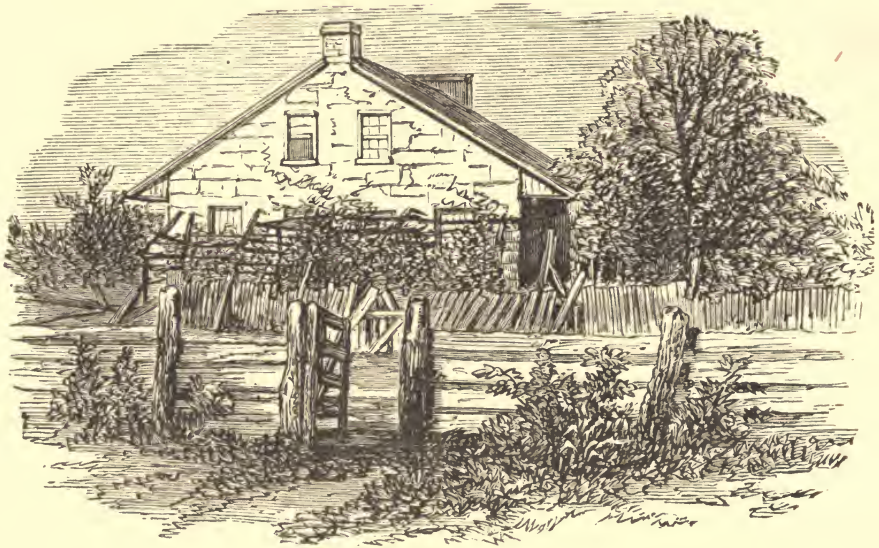
Marathon of Xerxes and Miltiades familiar in quotation, as allusion in ancient and modern lay. The mastery of Greece for ages, and the morale of her influence to remotest time, was to be decided by a single battle,—the decision to be made, by the event of defeat or victory, whether her genius and art should rivet the eye of the world, or oriental barbarism should interpose to extinguish both.

This battle was to decide whether republican usage or tyrannic waywardness should control in Greece henceforth—whether the sword was to flash, the chisel to fashion, the temple to rise dedicated to freedom, or everything be made to subserve the arrogance of the capricious and dissolute conqueror. It was a morning of intense interest to the Greek, as to the whole world, that ushered in the day of Marathon. Every circumstance favored the invader; numbers—a thousand fold; and town after town, and state after state, had submitted. Lacedæmon and Attica alone were unsubdued. The invincible was written upon every standard.

How with the invaded?

A handful of men to oppose the conqueror, and no more. Those who might have strengthened the ranks were hesitating on a matter of superstition. Then, for those on the field, there was the trouble of divided command. Failing,—and it would seem they must fail,—then Lacedæmon, as Athens, was open to the invader,—no further resistance. But the vexed question of command was settled. The few, in their prowess, became victorious over the many. The faint-hearted became strong. Greece was saved. Freedom was in the ascendant. Art was inspired. The world's history was modified, —changed by the triumph of the Greeks at Marathon.

Mark the parallelism, and the field of Gettysburg may be estimated better in its connection with the past, and, especially, in its influence upon the future. The Marathon of our time, the marked event in the history of a great nation, the battle itself, the mighty argument for law and progress,—



GEN. LEE'S HEADQUARTERS ON THE CHAMBERSBURG TURNPIKE.

was here to be enforced by the decision of the merciless sword.

Preceding—Lee has crossed the Potomac. Prestige is upon his banners, and is the guide of his march. It was not a hurried march, and to the point of contest it was triumphant. This invading army was large, well appointed, and proudly defiant. Lee makes his halt in the rural regions, whose valleys are shallow, and whose rounded high lands are but the outposts of the great Alleghanies.

The head-quarters selected was but a sample of the cottages scattered throughout that rural region, where pretension is so little known.

Near is the small town of Gettysburg, occupying one of those shallow valleys between corresponding lines of high grounds. The principal street seems to correspond in direction with the high land, to the north and south. This town had then, as now, its schools, its college, and its theological seminary. Lee found it with much the same or a less population than at present. This

population is disposed to the peaceful and plodding. The tocsin had reverberated through this valley before his coming. But the sound died away to the south, and the waveless current of Gettysburg life rolled on, even as it rolled before! Now and then a sturdy man went to the war. But boys, professors, and ministers make not the material for armed resistance or aggressive warfare. So Lee sat down master of the position: rested, refreshed his army—burning no hamlets, committing no depredation. On the Union side, at the time of his coming, there was, indeed, but a handful of armed men in the neighborhood. But as the day of trial drew on, there was some reinforcement, and the small force was led by the heroic Reynolds. But, however brave and well disciplined, what could a mere handful do in opposing a large and well-appointed army? such an army as had taken post along the high grounds to the north of Gettysburg?

But where is the Army of the Potomac? As far in the rear of Gettysburg, on the last

days of June, as the needed Spartans at Marathon. This Army of the Potomac, if not troubled by the contradictory orders of ten generals, who must each rule his day,—as the Athenian at Marathon,—had great difficulty in finding *one* satisfactory alike to the army and country. A battle must be fought, and substantial victory declared. If this is not accomplished, then the Middle and Northern States, their commercial and manufacturing centres, with the seat of government itself, would become the property of the invaders—be yielded to the control, for the time, at least, of an exultant soldiery, pertaining to the army of invasion.

It was a fortunate occurrence, at this juncture, that General Meade was ordered to command the Army of the Potomac. He proved the Miltiades of the modern Marathon. His elevation was followed by that despatch the crisis demanded. The march to Gettysburg hastened. The cavalry arm of the Union service was interposed between Lee and his base of supplies. This gave the

Southern General the first uneasiness, and precipitated the battle at Gettysburg. Still it was, no doubt, with a feeling of much contempt for the resistance that could be offered by the small force under Reynolds, that the contest was opened. It was to the north of the town that the terrible conflict began, on the first of July, 1863. As the hot burning sun of that day mounted to his meridian, Reynolds, with his handful of men, as opposed to nearly 100,000, might well have wished for night to come sooner, or the Army of the Potomac to appear in force.

Ah! night came only too soon, with its shroud of darkness, for the heroic General of the first day's fight on this renowned field. Conspicuous,—the soul of every plan and strategic movement,—our hero fell, in front of a beautiful open grove of oaks, pierced by the cowardly ball of a sharp-shooter. His death was a great loss to the country, and a most severe blow to the work of the day. A retreat was hastily conducted, that brought the Union forces through the affrighted town, followed

TREE, MARKED WHERE GEN. REYNOLDS FELL.

closely by their pursuers. The post was taken, however, as designated by Reynolds before his fall. His order, if driven,—and he knew they must be, if unsupported,—was for the forces to fall back, and take a defensive stand on Cemetery Hill. This is the handsomely-swelling highland at the south of the town. To the Union forces that had taken stand upon this Hill night came– it found them baffled, dispirited, and unsupported. The first day had been long, trying and perilous. Their lamented leader had fallen; the night itself was sultry; the moonlight seemed heated, and the air sulphurous and oppressive. The town was in the possession of the invader. His line of pickets ran along the lower terrace of the highland, where the Union force had halted for determined stand. The troops occupied the elevation, with Culp's Hill to the right, and Round Top to the left. These heights gave admirable position for the defensive. Support was needed, and it came: under the cover of night, it came. Its silence foreshadowed success. The Baltimore

Pike, leading south, was open to the unobstructed approach of the coming forces.

Meade, the new commander, was in advance of the hurrying army corps. He endorsed, with *encomium*, the central position seized, requiring that it should be held at any cost. The disposition of forces, as fast as they arrived, was made accordingly. It was bold to seize this centre, with its outlying hills right and left. It was braver to hold these in the face of such a line of artillery as fronted on the corresponding heights of Seminary Ridge—artillery of heaviest calibre, posted at leisure, and trained to such accuracy, that every shot must tell. The arrival of General Meade, on the night of the first, was followed fast by the hurrying divisions of the Army of the Potomac.

By the morning of the second, the newly arrived forces stand, disposed with masterly skill, along that three miles of high land, having Cemetery Hill for centre, Culp's Hill to the right, and Round Top to the left. No cannonading on the morning of the second,

that was in any way formidable. The pause gave the brief respite so needed by the overmarched Union forces, ultimately proving their salvation.

The delay was a great mistake in the commander of the opposing forces. Lee hitherto had been so quick to seize and improve advantage, that this yielded pause, this fatal delay, is not easily accounted for. To his assisted eye there appeared a persistant stand on Cemetery Hill. This, he might have thought, could be dislodged or quickly flanked. This stand routed,—the success of yesterday followed up,—and the probably advancing columns of the Union Army could be met and overcome in detail. Then Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington would be open to his troops, as certainly as there are roads leading thither. But this bliss of thought, such expectation, could not have prevailed had Lee comprehended that a powerful army was *now* stretching along the highlands here, fronting those where he had so skilfully taken post—the army that for-

bids further invasion. Lee is surveying the modern Marathon, but does not know it. His lookout this morning is the finest his side of the town can offer. Culp's Hill, wooded and swelling, is brought in range of his glass. The gentler slope of Cemetery Hill is scanned. Moving his glass slowly, it brings in soon the frowning Round Tops—the less and gentler elevation of that name lying nearest Cemetery Hill. The heights are all fine, and admirably adapted for a famous battle-ground. But where are the men? Such the pertinent question. It was soon answered,—They are there. A strong wall of defence has been shaped, built up there during the past night. Not conspicuous this wall from the opposite hill—for ravine, copse, rolling intermediate ground and forest intercept. The survey, most carefully made, is indeterminate of real fact. But this wall is there, movable at once and massive.

But the morning of the second day of battle has passed. It has been comparatively quiet along the lines. The Union soldier

has taken breath since his arrival. But when is the cannonading to begin, and the fiercer charge to succeed? It is past the meridian. There is a signal—and that line of cannon, posted for miles along the ridge, opens upon Cemetery Hill. In the pause of the morning, there had been time to lay down obelisk, cross, and tablet on the summit of the hill, which ground had been consecrated to the dead. It was well that the pious command to do this had been issued in time, for the shower of exploding shells, solid shot, and hurled missiles of every description, was fearful beyond conception. These missiles fell but to pierce, plough, and crush. Nothing, it would seem, could stand before such an attack. Yet the centre wavered not, however fierce the onset; and the assailants found the response as heavy in return. All along from Culp's Hill away to the left blazed the cordon of heaviest artillery. It was perceived now by Lee, that there was a General and an army on the heights occupied by the Union forces, as well as along the brow and slopes

of Seminary Ridge. So the contest raged, with far greater fury than on the former day, along the lengthened lines. To outflank or break the centre of the Union force was Lee's full determination. The preceding evening, either could have been done; on the morning of this day, it might have been accomplished, but not without the greatest loss. At noon, the Union Army, in its strength, was posted along its whole line of battle. At the opening of the assailing cannonade it was impregnable. So it proved, being tried,—tested in every way with a fury and determination that perhaps was never equalled.

The charge to left—with repulse; renewed, with attempt to dislodge from Round Top—failed. Then followed the attempt upon the right, and fiercer press upon the centre. But in vain. No wedge could be made to enter, and no diversion bend.

The fighting upon and near the Round Tops this day exceeded, in persistence and fury, that of any other portion of the widespread, bloody field.

LITTLE ROUND TOP, WITH ROUND TOP IN THE DISTANCE.

Little Round Top was the scene of desperate struggle, as also the higher eminence. The Pennsylvania Reserves here covered themselves with glory.

Whoever has seen this portion of the famous field, can never forget its strange and most striking aspect, especially when contemplated as a battle-ground.

The higher eminence, Big Round Top, is scattered so thickly with granitic bowlders from base to summit, as to suggest that the wars of the Titans might have opened here. In this battle of the second day, the fighting amidst the bold masses of rock—the hand-to-hand encounters must have required a potency of nerve, a vigor of determination that the bravest could scarcely be able to support. Late in the afternoon of this day, the fearful charges, surging around its base, extended far up among the rocks. The responding artillery of the two armies, reverberating in awful intonation amid the separate and superimposed masses of bowlder, added to that awfulness. So, too, that

carnage of the near clover field,—the literal mowing down of men in the peach orchard, lying a little to the north of west from Round Top. These near and associated combinations of horror and carnage have, perhaps, never been so persistently presented by a battle-field of any country, or time.

But with all this cost and action, in this portion of the field, as elsewhere, the assaillants were compelled to fall back, with frightful decimation, to their morning positions for a little rest. The battle had raged with little abatement of fury until a late hour; so the time for rest was very brief. At length, there was something like the silence of night through the town and over the field. The morrow will come—it must be decisive. The great questions of constitutional law and unity left to the arbitrament of the sword must receive decision to-morrow. Shall a fundamental principle of our Declaration find its demonstration at length? Shall the majesty of law be held sacred, or faction rule? Shall we indeed become a

dissevered nation, or shall we see the bleeding, gaping wounds close? All these important considerations, and more, seem bound up in the issues of to-morrow. A momentous day and a momentous battle!

Time hastened on; and the third day's contest was decided in favor of freedom, law and progress.

The opening cannonade of this last day of the struggle is said to have been more tremendous by far than the preceding. Two hundred and fifty cannon at one time were hurling their volleyed thunders around the Union centre, on Cemetery Hill.

From under these sulphurous clouds—and plunging from thence into the suffocating blackness now rising above—and now rolling down through the valleys from Cemetery Hill, there is presented a new phase of daring. "The Louisiania Tigers" charge upon the right centre of the Union army. Like the animal whose name they aptly bore, they came on their covert track without warning, and charged upon their prey as if

a thousand jungles had been unloosed. Fierce, sudden and overwhelming as this attack was designed to prove, it was beaten back, and the ravine through which they were hurried was strewn with bleeding corpses. Associated with this, is made the last charge upon the left centre of the Union forces. This charge is eighteen thousand strong. The flower of southern chivalry, without figure of speech,—young men, and brave. These were disciplined to such precision of movement as nothing, it would seem, could jostle or disarrange. The charge combined the weight of the phalanx with the swiftness of the legion. As the shadow of a hastening cloud, they move over the intervening fields, uncovered to the sweeping artillery of the Union centre, which literally mows their ranks as they rapidly approach; but the widest gaps in the advancing columns are so quickly closed, as to make the beholder doubt it has been made. Thus on and on hurry these charging columns, without pause, and without falter, until

MACALISTER'S FARM.—SCENE OF HEAVY FIGHTING ON THE RIGHT, ON FIRST DAY.

bayonet and ball threaten positive annihilation. Thus approaching, and thus received —faltering not, even now, but falling in cumbrous heaps,—sinking as by legions. It is enough. Never was there a bloodier field and never a more determined charge than those closing the contest at Gettysburg. It is enough—the question is decided. Our country has vouchsafed a future of more glory, too, than that covering her past renown.

The tide of invasion is dashed back; and the recoil is such as to plainly indicate the ultimate Union triumph.

The Persian monarch retired from Marathon with a routed army. The prestige of success had departed; one defeat cancelling so many victories!

Lee drew off his shattered forces from Gettysburg, and recrossed the Potomac. So this most formidable armed resistance to Constitutional law and right was closed on the soil the slave had hitherto sown and reaped. But the victory here achieved was a triumph of freedom. The last rivet had

fallen from the shackles of the slave, and his enfranchisement was a foregone decision when the last charge of Lee failed on the field of Gettysburg.

At Marathon, the triumph of the Greek was followed by the most interesting consequences. The Parthenon soon crowned the Acropolis at Athens. The achievements of the chisel of Phidias, in its ornamentation, inspired the idea that the gods dwelt with men, or that the human mind had received new powers, and the hand new skill. Art was indeed glorified, and the beautiful reigned. The dramatist caught the inspiration, and learned to personate the thought that breathes, in the word that burns. The historian, too, felt the happy influence, and wrote with a pen as clear as if dipped in light. So the thunder of that eloquence that warmed and glowed, while it enforced such lessons as the victories of freedom inspired, continues in its vibrations still to awaken.

The victory at Marathon so electrified the

Grecian mind, elevated the Grecian character, so inspired the Grecian genius, that fame has conferred upon it a lasting immortality.

The Union victory at Gettysburg is too recent to be understood or fully appreciated in all its individual and wider national bearing. But it has already given a historic importance to the locality of the battle that must continue, while admiration for bravery and sacrifice for country shall animate the human heart. Gettysburg has taken its rank among the battle-fields of freedom, *for it became the boundary* beyond which invasion could not pass. When the vast tidal wave of rebellion rolled up from the southern gulf, threatening, for a time, no pause until it should mingle with the lakes of the north, *here* it *was met and turned backward*—to menace no more! and, losing its unity, was lost, sinking downward through unseen channels, making its slow way back, to mingle again, without disturbance, in the vast ocean of truer thought and purer motive investing our grand nationality.

Art, the exponent of tendencies and the measure of progress, has already testified the deepest sympathy with the patriotism and admiration for the bravery of our citizen soldiery. Under such guidance, a portion of the stern battle-field here has been smoothed with great care, and the fallen of the Union host allowed to find quiet sepulture. These are gathered here in much closer companionship than when found after the three days of battle. A massive inclosure defends the broad acres thus set apart in consecration. The granite headstone is directed to be hewn and inscribed. Trees of varied flower, form, and foliage are planted through the grounds. Avenues, cut and gravelled, wind through the fields of richest green. On the highest portion of this consecrated slope is raised the marble monumental column—so truly artistic in conception and finish—symbolizing what has been—and the glory that will be.

Truly, the painter, the sculptor, and the poet, the orator, and the historian, have

expressed the fulness of the inspiration, born of the great issues that were folded up in the three days' struggle for a nation's better life on the battle-field of Gettysburg. May *all* the lessons deducible therefrom tend but to *peace* and *progress*—to our country's unity and greatness to the latest time.

To make sure the attainment of that end —to bequeath in faith the promise of such glorious anticipation—we must be true to the memory of the sacrificed. We must often allow the heart to be made tender by the tale of his love—by the moral of that life yielded in such beautiful devotion to country and to the cause of right.

IDYL I.

THE UNKNOWN.

IDYL I.

The Unknown.

INTRODUCTORY.

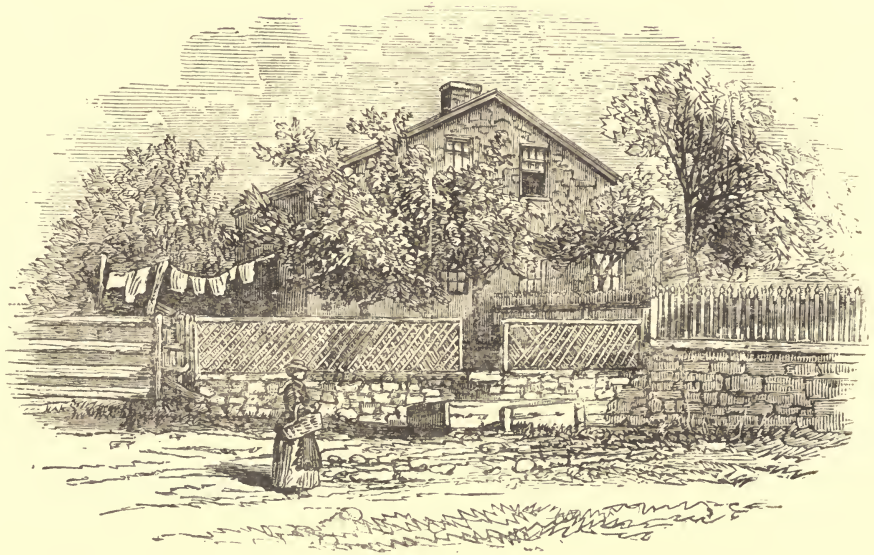
Our land again is blest!
Smiles the sweet peace anew;
That beautiful behest
To live as brothers true
Hence follow'd—still may rise
Blessing from sacrifice.

Days hostile, dread and dark!
The cost we must deplore;
They leave a scathing mark
Where all looked fair before—
Leave a deep, burning trace
Centuries but efface.

Just,—and forget the men
  Swelling the mighty host
Who stood up boldly then,
  Else law and right were lost!
Yielding the life we prize,
Forget such sacrifice!

No! *never* will forget;
  Nay, never cease to prize;
Their glory's sun not set,
  Their noble sacrifice
Shall live to latest days,
Chanted in richest lays.

Yes,—snatched from faction's hate,
  We yield them unto fame
Who moored anew our State,
  Drifting on frightful main;
Who, braving seas of strife,
Died for a nation's life.



COTTAGE, NEAR THE CREST OF CEMETERY HILL

We yield with pride to fame
  The mighty martyr host,
Enrolling humblest name,
  Not one of all be lost.
Tell their touching story,
Wreathe each name with glory!

Nor ever die the tale,
  For love we bear his child:
Pity for her, so pale;
  Hiding despair, she smiled,
When, girding armor on,
The soldier left his home.

He bade the last adieu,
  And turned so quick away;
He, the patriot true,
  His country to obey;
Surrendered home and life.
O! shield his child, his wife!

THE ENLISTMENT.

Our patriot soldier of the crisis represents the spirit of that innumerable band rallying for the defence of the nation's flag. The enlistment took place at his workshop, and, having put the few things in order there, hurries home to make the announcement that he is enrolled as one of the citizen soldiery.

He felt how trying would be such announcement, and now lingered to gain strength, as well as to set his little shop in order. It was the twilight hour when he sought his home, a mile or two distant. With the fervor of accustomed earnestness, deepened by the events of the day, on his arrival there, the address opens:

Wife of my bosom, listen.
Am late from daily toil;
Why doth the tear-drop glisten,
Ah! have you learned it all?

The flag again is lower'd,
Defeat but follows still;
Complaint is only poured,
And thousands called to fill
Broken ranks, and waning.
We are summon'd to the fight;
New recruits are arming,
Some leave, dear wife, to night!

WIFE'S REPLY.

Was it the signal bell?
Ah! never so before
Was ev'ry stroke a knell,
I feared the call once more!
Counted the hours till night;
But, dear, you will not go!
You cannot feel it right!
Mine! do not leave us so
Sadly, and all alone;
Going—ne'er to return!

HUSBAND.

Forbode not thus so ill;
My trust is in the right.
A strange continuous thrill
Pervades my heart to-night.

I love my wife, my home,
Love so our children dear!
But, truly, time has come
When wrong to linger here.

The call that came to day,
More stirring than before,
We dare not disobey.
Three hundred thousand more

Of strong men for the field;
Of strong men for the fight;
These, flashing swords must wield;
Must leave our homes to night!

WIFE.

Mine! do not go; O, stay!
Let others meet the foe;
Stay by thy home, I pray—
Implore thee, do not go!

Who goes returneth not;
The cruel war but slays!
See our unfinished cot,
Where each chill wind that strays,

And where the showers of rain
Such easy entrance gain.
Trusting, more comfort here,
Leave us not thus, my dear!

You see the constant care
To shield from damp, chill air.
They are asleep, our three,
So sweetly—Come and see.

Our eldest—mark his face;
Alice—in girlish grace.
Say, here, thou wilt not go,
My heart sinks, grieving so!

HUSBAND.

Oh! such pleading wounds my heart;
I would not, so soon, depart—
Leave in unprepared hour
To poverty's seeming power,
  Mine, so very, very dear.
But the peril bids us go;
Spare the grief, that presseth so.
Would I had more careful been,
Provident, as other men;
Ah! this want of care, my wife,
Seemeth wrong; but after-life
Shall atone—all, all so free,
From the lessons learned at sea!
I have labor'd; honest brow
From the workshop cometh now,

I labor, but have no care;
Money goes for any prayer;
Open hand—and heart, you know,
Melted by the tale of woe.
Impulsive—wife, dry that tear!
Forgive—henceforth never fear.
My every fault I see,
Could now weep for poverty;
Feel deeply this want of thought,
See the evil it has wrought.
Trust me! I will be more just
Be happier—fully trust.
The cot improved, feel the cheer;
Read the promise written here.—
The villagers will repair,
Adding other needed care,
For our children, for thee, wife!
They promise care, through the strife.
Shelter'd soon, from wind and rain,
So, ere winter comes again,

More of comfort will be here;
Better walls and roof, my dear!
'*There is hope*, for darkest hour,—
And with reproach, still the power
To follow whither duty leads;
Stand for country—in her needs.
So, loving thee all the more
For each privation shared before,
Loving with the fondest heart—
The country's peril bids us part.
Say to me, Go! speed me on!
Enrolled, before rising sun
Looks again on battles lost,—
On campaign, such life has cost!
Great the peril, cease delay,
Speed me ere another day!
Bid us *all* be very brave,
Keep our vow, the flag to save!
In cause sacred, and so just,
God will shield—*the holy trust*,

Succor those we leave behind,
Folding in His mercy kind.
Dear wife! this trust, so be thine!
Teach our children,—*it is mine.*—
The good pastor came to share
In decision,—would prepare
To meet trial, that has come,
Do the work that must be done.
Feels the conflict's very sore,
Asking for so *many* more!
Earnest hope, expressed, as fears,
Spoke tenderly, half in tears;
Knew each trial,—all too well,
Sought the sadness to dispel;
Pointed to the flag unfurled
As freedom's,—and the world.
Its support claimed of the free;
Its cause the *right*, humanity.
Bade us keep the flag in sight,
Standing firmly in the right.

Martyrs falling on the field,
Country's grateful love, the shield,
Stretching over those we left,
Would kind console, if bereft.
Tremble not, wife, at the thought
Of devotion only wrought.
Tremble not, but bless, I pray,—
Time presses, I must away.
Swift in duty bid me be;
Wake not, wife, our cherished three;
It will so oppress my heart—
Let me kiss them, so depart!
Their picture, by early mail,
Send to the camp, do not fail!
Will keep it so near my heart;
For all they are, all thou art,
Makes me strong in cause so just—
Home and country are my trust!
Dear, be firm, be fondly true,
Heaven keep you all, loved, adieu!

Silence and grief watch that night,
Both were there; but morning light
Calls the prattlers from their rest
With faces bright—cheered her breast;
Constant burden—and so care
Lived within the cottage there.—
The day all toil,—night brought rest;
Sometimes came a message blest
From the field, as when the fray
Had passed, granted, he would say
"ALL IS WELL."
Then the little cot was bright
Through the day, and through the night,
Until fear would so dispel
Joy that came with "all is well."
So the days but weave the years,
Faileth hope—so true our fears!
But the picture of the three,
Thought the soldier could not be
Greater charm than met him here,
Gazing on their faces dear.

Asks his heart, "Who not bless God,
Even from the pillow sod;"
For thought of these, through the night
And the glance, by morning light.

* * * * *

Life was changeful in the cot.
Trust, so calm, did God allot
Him, who dared, endured, prayed
That contest cruel be allayed;
Who saw in banner, waving free,
Thus triumphant—Liberty!
Lonely watch is charmed by love;
When the bright clear stars above
Looked so loving from the sky,
Then each thought would homeward fly.

NIGHT WATCH NEAR FREDERICKSBURG.

"I walk the frequent round,
But hear no warlike sound.
Our little ones in bed,
Each before, prayer has said,—

Came thus my name to-night?
Ah! yes—well, that is right.
Dear Frank and Ally pray,
And little Fred, you say;
Fond thought, so loves to dwell;
The message,—'all is well!"'

But rages still a nation's strife,
The soldier trusts; but weeps the wife.

GETTYSBURG.

Boundary passed by hostile host,
Both pride and prestige swell its boast,
Soon, through those green and quiet glades,
Soon, through the leafy, forest shades,
Screeches the fearful, bursting shell,
Mingled with battle's frightful yell;
'Till rounded hill, in leafy dell,
Through gorge, ravine, as on the plain,
All thickly scattered, lie the slain!

On this famed field, where legions reeled,
Whose thousands, sinking, thereby sealed
In death a nation's new-born life,
Where peace was made thro' fiercest strife:
Here, where the firm and fearless North
Met the flaming, fiery South;
Both pouring forth their noblest blood,
That flowed and surged in common flood;
Here, where the sacred flag and free
Triumphed, at length, gloriously,
Under whose starry, drooping fold,
Slept the soldier, in death so cold!
He stood unhurt—the first rude clash,
Unhurt, 'mid sword and musket flash;
Rushed boldly, when the charge was made,
Defied the point of traitorous blade;
He pauses not, nor feared to die,
Beautiful in all fidelity!
Long, long the conflict had begun;
Many a charge was lost or won,

Where, continuous shot or shell
Wounded, wasted—thickest fell;
And aided, too, with flashing steel,
Assailed, assailant, bend or reel—
Where all was horror, carnage sore,
Here bowed the brave, to rise no more.
So slow he drags from out the fray,
Clasps the picture and tries to pray.
"God! shield the country of my birth,
Defend the flag of all the earth!
It waveth still, I dimly see;
This must be death and—victory!
O God! my children—hear this prayer:
Keep, keep them, in Thy mercy's care;
Be Thou their Father, Blessed One!
And help me say, 'Thy will be done.'"

* * * * *

Glorious vision calms the soul;
The shreds of life become a whole;

The home of childhood seemeth near,
Beautiful, as in memory dear.
So, quiet seas, with islands green,
Light the beatific scene;
Fruits and flowers to inner eyes,
Waving, as those of paradise.
The humble cot, the home so dear,
Was to the spirit's vision clear.
So, too, the charmed pictured three,
Joyous in childish gayety,
Thus playing, near the open door,
Their very laugh rang out once more.
Saw, too, their mother's eye of love;
Came calm submission from above,
Murmurs again, "Thy will be done,
Accept in Christ, I come, I come."
So the patriot martyr died,
In faith, as beautiful, as tried;
Pressing the picture to his breast,
Touching and lovely, let it rest

UNION SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

CONFEDERATE GRAVES.

Until the battle's deafening roar
Is heard in Gettysburg no more.
Then will come the burial rite,
Hiding the ghastly, terrible fight.

THE SCENE AND BURIAL.

There they lie! pale, noble still;
Look! side by side, on plain and hill,
What a sight! and it well may thrill
A nation's heart; palsy the hand,
Drawing fierce, *that traitorous brand.*
Would it were stayed, its vengeful ire
Annealed anew in freedom's fire,
Losing thus each crimson stain,
Attempered there to peace again.
Its cruel work here done too well!
Its work, so fearful, fierce, and fell!

Dull earth! open thy quiet breast,
Give its victims place of rest;

Take the noble patriot slain,
To the embrace they justly claim.

* * *

Out of the line of bloody fray,
In peaceful rest the unknown lay.
Blest angel forms had watched with care
The chill, stiff corse slumbering there.
The face—expressive, pale, still shone—
Light lingered when the soul had gone.
"Here another,—our noble dead
Strew the wide field," so solemn said.
This man died by the streamlet's brink,
Trying, perhaps in vain, to drink.
Ah! here!—a picture on his breast,
By stiff hand, now so closely pressed.
His children, verily; yes, three,—
Last gaze—O God, the agony!
Full consciousness of ebbing life,
Regret, remorse, the strength, the strife,

Chaos of thought, within the soul,
Drifting toward the unseen goal;
Love brooded o'er this upturned sea,
Giving to faith the victory.

He died,—aye! as the Christian dies,
All darkness from his pathway flies;
Soft light is on the marble brow,
So lovely, with peace of heaven now.
The attitude but speaketh rest,
Entire expression calm and blest.

Unloose the picture, now to tell
Where the patriot martyr fell.
Place of sacrifice,—his deep love,
The story must the heart so move!
His humble grave, we mark "Unknown,"
The lowly mound, without a stone!
How know the name? What can unseal?
The picture may sometime reveal!

Take it lovingly, from its rest;—
Carefully; see, how it is pressed,
As if, still fondly, to his breast,—
He holds his children with such love
As conquered when with death it strove.

* * *

The picture's story traveled far—
Most thrilling story of the war.
Many wept as they read the tale,
But tears or wishes, nought avail.
Inquiries came,—kind answer went,—
For time, much skill, and true art lent
To reproduce the pictured three,
With nice, as strict fidelity.
The fair reprint, at length obtained
Deepened interest—that was gained.
The picture read, wherein was seen
Each little face; its touching mien
Wrought desire to trace the "Unknown."
Would find these children of his home,

Soothe these desolate, bring relief,
So their's became a common grief.

* * *

But pass the weeks, the months away,
And bring a chill November day.
The bloody field had hid its slain,
The recent carnage left no stain.
In darkened homes, the vacant chair—
Desolate homes were ev'rywhere.
'Twas a frightful, terrible field,
Whereon the nameless soldier sealed
His love of country and of home;
Yet, head-stone there but says "Unknown!"
Long rains had washed, cold dews had wept!
Late autumn winds now hoarsely swept
Over the low, lessening mound,
"Unknown" the murmur of each sound.—
In distant cot, humble as lone,
Was heard inquiry's earnest tone

"Our dear father! when will he come?
He wrote he would, away last June;
The hills are now so very white—
I dream of him, mamma, each night.
He promised us new sleds and sleighs.
Mamma, why is it that he stays?"
So urged the merry little Fred;
Thus talking all the way to bed.
Patient, silent, the mother smiled;
Pressed to her heart the happy child.
Bright, lovely dreams were for the boy,
But fears the mother's peace destroy.
Anxious, watching, worn with care,
Sick—in hospital? in prison—where?
Sad forboding, when will it end?
Oh intelligence! Send, O send!
Came, at last, to the cot so lone,
Thrilling tale of the long "Unknown!"
With fearful, breathless interest read,
Alas! alas! she knew—her dead.

PEACH ORCHARD, NEAR ROUND TOP.

The story his, she knew too well;
Yes, there he fought, and there he fell,
Unknown, clasping the pictured three,
Was her own—Ah! the agony.
The sad unveiling of that hour,
To tell—words, truly, have no power.
Aye! such deep grief is only known
To HEARTS thus *pierced, desolate, lone.*

And now the group, so pale with fear,
She calls, "Come to me, children dear,
Kneel near me on the cottage floor."
The lone, and sad, bereaved four.
Pray the orphan and widow's God,
Claim the promise of Precious Word.
Thank Him—the father lost is found,
But sleeps in death on battle ground.
So bravely, nobly there he fell!
Can we repeat, the "All is well."

THE PICTURE RETURNED FROM THE FATAL FIELD.

Generous stranger, and so kind,
Speeds his way, the bereaved to find,
With this picture, the dying pressed;
His parting soul tenderly blest,
When breathing forth a last deep prayer,
Mid the battle's sulphurous air;
Commending thus to pitying heaven,
The life, the children God had given.

* * *

Lovely the humanity that wrought
For bereaved in the distant cot,
Beautiful the charity, and true,
That bids, kindly, for other do
Generous act, make sacrifice,
With sorrow ever sympathise.
'Tis thus we take so much from grief,
Thus giving, we find a true relief.

So in the martyred soldier's home,
Most isolated and most lone,
As came the facts from fatal field,
The sad bereavement, nought concealed,
The yielded life, its close with prayer,
Came gracious act, and kindness rare.
Our soldier died, but love should live;
We gave, and still, if just, we give.
Precious life, as offering made,
Disunion's baleful wrong has stayed.
Then count not him, as one unknown,
Whose blood has stained the altar-stone—
Flowing in frightful flood, and free,
For nation's law and unity.

THE ORPHAN'S HOME.

On the hallowed battle ground,
This soldier's orphan children found
So soon a cheerful, charming home;

With these are many orphans more,
Whose fathers fell in conflict sore.
Our nation's justice these may claim,
Sure, no child of patriot slain
Should ever want for daily bread—
By vow to him, the martyred dead.
Yes,—shelter, train his orphan child,
Lead by love to the Undefiled;
Guard him kindly, 'mid helpless years,
Pity his sorrows, dry his tears.
Aye! by our soldier's trust and prayer,
Yield him the needed, promised care!
Teach him the lessons the good should learn,
So God will bless the land in turn;
The yawning gulf ope not again,
That closed above patriot slain—
The frightful gulf, gaping so wide,
And closed, but when our best had died.

IDYL II.

BLIGHTED, YET BEAUTIFUL

IDYL II.

Blighted, Yet Beautiful.

THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF A UNION OFFICER, WHO FELL IN THE SECOND DAY'S FIGHT, AT GETTYSBURG.

The Union soldier's home
Was shrined in lovely vale;
The poplar's mounting cone,
Leaf tremulous and pale,
Stood at the entrance gate,
Warden, to watch and wait.

Within, the lawn was wide,
Through which a brooklet ran,
Flowers grew upon its side,
And rustic bridge did span;
Fragrant thorn fenced the bounds,
Shut lawn, and garden grounds.

Woods, so thick,—fields beyond,—
That stretch far, far away,
To a blue lakelet pond,
Thence, to a sheltered bay—
That brimmed with every tide,
Where fairy yacht did glide.

The massive mansion old,
In record of its years,
Whose touching annals told
The tales of joy and tears.
These grand old walls, and gray,
Had stood for many a day.

The present master, brave,
Hurries from foreign shore,
A few brief orders gave,
And turns away, once more;
Passes the warden gate,
Hastes to a martyr's fate!

MEETING AT YALE.

Where graceful elm, in leafy pride,
Shades the avenues—trim and wide,
Where charmed philosophic light,
Beams steadily, and softly bright;
Where learned culture blends and binds
Refining character, as minds;
With skill reducing ev'ry ore,
Blend in brotherhood evermore
Those of manliest strength and fire,
With these of calmer thought, and higher.
Here, thus met, strong in sympathy,
The two of strange, sad destiny!
One from the cold, hardier North,
Other, from warm, genial South.
They both so loved the classic page,
Admired the poet, not less the sage.
One reticent, if not more learned,
The other, half in scorn, oft turned

Away from books, so quick to scan,
As smoother verse, so living man.
Both noble in their rivalry,
Courteous thus their chivalry.
Graceful, yielding to just demand,
Neither mixed, or ever planned,
The small sports,—aiming to annoy,
That spoil the man, as mar the boy.
Rather, years earnest, pass away,
And bring so soon the parting day.
With kindest feeling spoke adieu!
And Yale's loved shades are lost to view.
Life in its meaning, and its strength,
Stood all revealed to each at length,
They saw blacken, a nation's sky,
Both heard addressed the startling cry:
To Arms! To Arms! Be men or die.
While roar of battle shook the main,
And air on land is sulph'rous flame,
Where stands the famous class of Yale?
Where the two friends? Ah! list the tale!

JOURNEY OF THE CONFEDERATE'S WIDOW TO GETTYSBURG LONG AFTER THE BATTLE.

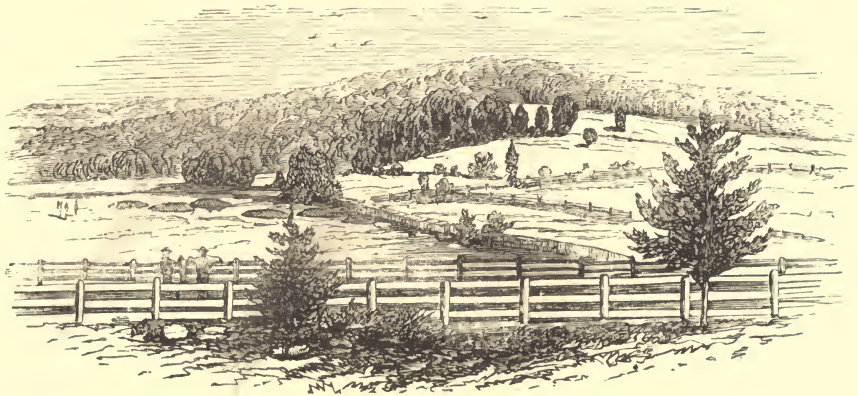
Unfading immortelles
Have graced long the portals
  Of her love's empty tomb;
One hastens to-morrow,
In journey with sorrow,
  Asking sadly the boon,
To kneel nearer her dead,
Press the dust where he bled.

If, thus in grief, must go,
Would pardon still, late foe,
  Tread thus the quiet field,
That prowess fairly won,
Where mound and sculptured stone,
  Where, too, a nation's shield,
Keeps guard o'er half its dead,
But knows not her's, that bled.

One is to meet her there,
Whose melting love and prayer,
Whose sweetest constancy,
Has been so strong and true,
Has counselled to subdue
All strife with destiny;
To trust, henceforth, to Heaven
Forgive, and be forgiven.

SORROW—ITS POWER.

Who lives this life, and hath not wept?
Even as laughing eyes have slept.
Parting, the clasping lash hath stole
Such proof of sorrow from the soul;
But the deep grief of weary years
Tells not its agony in tears.
How fearful, wholly vain our strife,
So mighty, crushing out the life;
Leaving a calm, profound despair,
Where all was once but bright and fair.



CULP'S HILL, LOOKING EAST FROM CEMETERY HILL.

So, sad in heart, this weary one
Leaves for a time her darkened home.
Journeying in her weeds of woe—
A holy love hath bade her go.
Vain the beautiful to *her* eye,
Unheard are tones of sympathy.
Was lost, so lost, to one deep grief—
Is there, O God! for such relief?
Is there calm for that sad brow?
Must all be dark as seemeth now?
But list the story of her grief,
Told in her thrilling words—and brief.

THE FATAL ENCOUNTER REHEARSED WHILE WAITING ON THAT PORTION OF THE FIELD KNOWN AS CEMETERY HILL.

Why comes she not? All is forgiven,
Her early love knew no delay,
To us, no hope is ours—but heaven;
All earthly joy has passed away.

Yet life's blest morn to both was bright,
But ere the noon came darkest night;
Our parting followed bridal days,
Our meeting sad, with mournful bays!

LOOKING TOWARDS GETTYSBURG.

Most unfamiliar seem these skies,
Impressive still, the hill and plain,
Where yonder ramparts lengthened rise—
Ah! o'er that mountain wall he came,
A part to bear in the awful strife;
Here, to yield a beautiful life,
He, the courteous, and the brave,
Whom faction could not claim as slave.

These heights, all clothed in purple light,
Saw first, at last eve's setting sun,
Knew the presence of beauty's might,
Yet only *thought*, and *felt* he came,

Over that gorgeous mountain wall,
But in the humblest grave to fall.
He, the best of an honored name,
Whose sacred dust now cannot claim.

Ah! turning to the southern sky,
Higher the rugged Round Top rose,
Bearing a bowlder crest on high—
While at the base, am told there flows,
That muddy brook, along the dell,
Where fiercest showers of battle fell.
Fell in the lead and iron hail,
Shrouding the mountain and the vale!

And mingling came the flash of steel;
Ranks dashing as the maddened sea!
They form, they rush, they stand or reel,
With each 'tis death, or victory!

Thus, daring, pressing on the line,
Falling—not one—but her's, and mine!
Alas! the thrust received, and given,
The fatal thrust! *two* lives thus riven.

O God! yet lived, who smote, to know
Each bore the fratricidal steel;
There slew the friend, in guise of foe,
No words the horror may reveal.
Instant driven on brink of fate—
All now undone, *is but too late!*
Dying—a moment left for prayer;
Forgiving,—thus they perished there.

Alas! where Round Top's shadows fall,
So deeply dark, in leafy shade,
Without flag, or funeral pall,
Her's and mine in death were laid.

SCHERFY'S FARM, NEAR ROUND TOP.

Ah! mine and her's, the true and brave,
So strangely filled one, bloody grave,
While the tremor of conflict pealed,
And surging columns dashed or reeled.

But when that awful battle roar
Was hushed, within the frighted vale,
Amid the carnage, and the gore,
Trod one, with face as pale
As those of calm, reposing dead,
The rains had washed from stains of red,—
Her face, in pallor so like death,
Differed—for came and went the breath.

To her *that* grave gave half its prey,
And only marred, by single thrust,
Then borne so tenderly away,
And gathered to ancestral dust;

With pomp of war, in depth of grief,
The last rite paid her martyred chief.
Banner and plume drooped o'er *her* slain,
But *mine* was left, and without name.

Yet marked—in agony of gloom,
The place of the dark, bloody grave,
In the light of the struggling moon,
Marked, and so carefully to save
This spot of earth, to me so dear,
Yet, awful through a chilling fear.
To *her memory*—only pain,
Grave of the slayers, and the slain!

Earth sure has nobleness most high,
And love, so tender, deep, and pure;
The love that mates us with the sky,
And wreck of all things shall endure;

CALIFORNIA

Glowing in beauty, when the sun
Closes his round, his mission done,
Lives this love, so like to heaven,
But to the *blessed* only given.

PARTING AND RE-UNION.

The parted for years met that night;
But flowing tears dimmed not the sight.
From an adieu of tenderness;
Their later sorrows fathomless.
So, this chosen place of meeting,
All their touching words of greeting,
Spoke the soul, in truest greatness
Expressed of grief,—but tenderness
Of feeling—only nobleness.

* * *

They parted in joy, met in grief—
Parted in hope; the bridal wreath
Pressed each brow with an easy grace,
One, wearing the spiritual face

That painter, and poet admire;
Other flashed the essential fire
Of genius, so wild and free,
Lovely, perfect, in symmetry.
One went forth to a southern home,
Other, o'er classic lands to roam;
One breathed fragrance of orange bloom,
Other wreathed bays, near Virgil's tomb;
Sought the zephyr, courted the breeze,
Braved the gusts of the Pyrenees.
Lingered amid the glory of art,
The beautiful, thrilling the heart;
Passed there the smiling, happy years,
Where nature, art, and song endears.

LETTERS RECEIVED AND SENT.

So sprightly, from the jasmine bower,
Sped the sweet note of hidden power
Winging, so swift, the changeful deep,
A hand enfolds, and warm hearts speak

So gracefully, in truth and love.
With beauty freighted, sweet reply
Is wafted West, as happily.
Witching in story, song and art,
Gathered from wider, richer mart.
Radiant, with the heart's own glow,
Changeful, like light on mountain snow,
Warm, in its amethystine hue,
As varied, and ever new;
Glowing, melting, as morning light,
On steepy sides of Alpine height;
Painted thus lovely and bright the page,
In quaint, classic, grotesque or sage.

* * * *

But this charmed poetic life
Changed at once, when the civil strife
So menaced our strength and power,
Bringing for all, the trial hour.
The Nation's flag of golden stars,
The flag of white and crimson bars,

Floating out on the troubled breeze,
In beckoning fold, on land and seas,
Called the patriot-faithful home—
Who loves the flag must cease to roam.
It leads the West—the mighty North,
While flaunts another from the South.—
The fearful lines of death are drawn,
So city, hamlet, crowded town,
Pour forth their legions for the fight,
Bidding these live, or die for right.
Most painful, pitiful the day,
When love and peace seem swept away.
Buried beneath the battle's tide,—
Brother, in brother's blood so dyed.
Where friend meets friend on hostile field,
And vengeful brand each life has sealed!
So runs our sad, and cruel tale
Of martial classmates of old Yale.
Alas! the fearful, frightful strife—
Demanding sternly *life for life.*

CLOVER FIELD, NEAR ROUND TOP.

So cruel, vengeful, to the last;
Thank God, for mercy—it is past!

AT THE GRAVE OF THE CONFEDERATE SLAIN.

They met that night
In solemn rite;
Above the dead
Was service read;
Deep, trusting prayer,
Waked the still air
In Round Top's vale.
While o'er his clay
The wreathed bay
Is gently laid,—
Requiem said.
Bright stars above
So soft looked down—
The air is love.
The distant town

Knew not the rite
Of this late night.
Alone with God
The living stood!
Alone—weary—
Thought so dreary
Might fill each soul.
Heaven, pitiful,
Heaven, merciful!
Peace breathed within;
The earnest prayer,
Found *answer there.*
And now they stand,
Joined, hand to hand,
O'er the low head
Of sleeping dead.
Then, cross and bay,
In love, they lay;
Then kneel to pray,
And tremulous say;

Rest thee, O Rest!
Spirit now blest.
Rest thee in heaven,
Spirit forgiven!
Washed from dark sin,
Folded within
Embrace so blest,
Rest thee, O rest!

* * *

Requiem said
Above the dead,
That deeper prayer—
Then, silence there
Again keeping,
The dead sleeping
In the low vale,
Where chant and wail
No more is heard,—
The dust unstirred
To the last day.

But the bowed went forth from the rite,
With a sweet peace and hope that night,
To a new, and beautiful life—
With holiest charity rife—
Calmly bidding the mount and dell,
With sacred dust, a last farewell!

DEPARTURE.

Emerging from the leafy wood,
Where, now, attendants waiting stood;
Were borne from thence so fast away,
That long before the risen day,
Round Top's crest was lost to view,
As other sweep of highlands too,
That, curving, seem to fence around
The town, with bloodiest battle ground.
These hills, first seen in purple light,
As mantling beauty crowns each height,
Three times have faded on the view;
But love now filled her heart anew;
Peaceful, like heaven, their last adieu.

Lovely—still was their greeting sad,
Solemnly—yet the parting glad.

WOMAN—HER POWER.

Holy the sympathy to woman given;
Beautiful her mission, ordained of heaven.
So sacred her trust, *she may well beware;*
Trifle not; but strong in her love and prayer.
So the hand and the heart be pure,
All influence made but higher, truer:
Careful to watch that hate be laid aside,
The cruel malice—*inglorious pride!*
So holy her work, but silent in power,
It will bring the wished—the blessed hour,
When the *whole nation,* as these, late weeping,
Vigil and rite, above its dead, keeping,
Promise to *love, forgive, be one again,*
And the whole land respond Amen! Amen!

IDYL III.

EARLY SPRING FLOWERS,

FROM CULP'S HILL.

IDYL III.

ADDRESSED TO MRS. F. N. B.

Early Spring Flowers from Culp's Hill.

(HEPATICA, AND ANEMONE NEMOROSA.)

Near the foot of a riven oak,
Trunk all shivered by battle stroke—
  Gracefully grew these frail spring flowers,
Softly tinted,—droopingly stood,
In early, sweetest sisterhood,—
  Bending lightly to passing showers,—
Just as they bend to zephyr's wing,
As he heralds the gentle spring.

These flowers grew on hallowed ground,
Late, where echoed the battle sound.

Their tiny roots have all been dyed
With deeper hue—the life blood stain
Blent with the soil beneath the slain;
Bathed, indeed, by the crimson tide
That stained the hill, flushed the glen;
Gushing from hearts of dying men.

Why shrink you thus, from sweetest breath?
Ah! no less sweet that carnage and death
Profuse have fed each fair young life;
Naught changes ever *perfect* mould,
Or lessens one exquisite fold.
So stainless, pure amid our strife
Refining but the gross of earth;
Each life, but beauty from its birth!

Love these flowers for a nation's dead;
Love not less for the blood so shed,—

VIEW OF CULP'S HILL.

Yea, it giveth the richer bloom;
They veiled the eye *from fearful sight,*
Wept in sadness, the wintry night.
But leave behind such grief and gloom,
They spring afresh, on field late red;
Love them well for our noble dead.

Tenderly greet these lovely flowers,
They weave that spell for charmed hours;
Oft we have sought on other ground,
When the damp chilling winds were there,
All the woodlands still brown and bare;
Then low *anemone,* have found
On shielded slope, in sheltered vale,
The early *triloba,* and pale.

Fold the flowers in a heart of love;
Never forget *these* bloomed above

Graves, so level at once, and lone;
Yes where they grew, and all around
Over this wide ensanguined ground;
Are nameless graves, so low—Unknown
Where tender tears are rarely shed,
In tribute thine, for stranger dead.

The tear, thus falling, gently kind,
Flows from a heart by love refined;
A charity as nobly true,
Would seek to shield with kindly care,
This once our brother, sleeping there,—
Would sometimes plant the mournful yew
Or now, that cruel war is past,
Would yield the Christian rite at last.

IDYL IV.

NATIONAL ORPHAN HOMESTEAD.

IDYL IV.

National Orphan Homestead.

FIRST SIGHT OF THE GETTYSBURG BATTLE FIELD, AND FIRST NIGHT AT THE HOMESTEAD.

Of this field, the first sight,
At THE HOMESTEAD, first night,
  There is stirred in the soul,
Intensely deep feeling,—
Such fancy unsealing,
  As defieth control.
The dread charge sounds again
From the hill-side and plain!

Frightful the cannon roar,
Shaking the ground once more;

Shivering lance,—oft broke;
Warring steeds, and brave men
Crowd the gorge, and the glen,—
So the sulphurous smoke
Shuts out once more the light—
I dream—is it the night?

A dream—Ah! a troubled dream.
That flash,—is it the gleam
Of sudden blazing fires?
What is that awful sound?
This tremor of the ground;
What demon's wrath inspires?
Away! all horrible thought,—
Enough, enough,—once fought!

Be seen? Oh! never more.
Would recall? no; deplore.

Wherever was such sight?
These hills, so softly green,
With sleeping vales between,
Should ever know such fight!
Should drip with human gore:
Recall? Oh! *never more!*

May not in *dream* recall;
So fearful, awful, all—
Terrible, but in dream.
Even the July sun,
Festering work so done,
Frightful, his piercing beam,
Festering, foul the ray—
Heaven shield from such a day!

Away, warrior—ghost!
Away, shadowy host!

It is now peace, once more!
Withdraw from yonder crest,
Your foe may not invest;
His power, as thine is o'er!
He *faltered* on the plain,—
Why wake the ghastly slain!

* * *

Then come, O! gentle sleep,
For angel guards will keep
Watch through the sacred ground;
For the lone orphan prayer,
Invoketh heavenly care,
To shelter thus, around;
To safely keep this night,
Shielding with Gracious might.

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